(After this I said "This is a horrible pandering I can't eat it")

52 T.S.

Monday 15.6.37

I wonder how many of my letters to you begin "I am a witch ..." Never answered I should have answered. Ina man, I am a witch. The Hips are a great discovery. I think I shall get some broader – so that I could type on them. I can't cut down my labours by half: & thank you. I: is committed to 3 weeks of Dr Alexander. who says he can undoubtedly cure him &

make "a new man of him." L. thinks, after
all things, there is undoubtedly something in it
We had a long drive on Sunday -
Lunch with his brother after it. Normally
he wouldn't have been able to cut
his meat; & as it was, could hold his
knife almost steadily -
too early to tell.

And why have you become so
extremely tactful in your speech with me?
I don't like that particular virtue; perhaps
I'm crotchety about it. Anyhow I reserve to be
tactful myself: & say Crudely, rudely, no, ?
Don't care for C. Scholis article. But
why do you? Is it good criticism? Is it
well written? Not in my
opinion. We agree

V.

Rota 2.4.63

NYPL

28th June.

Just back from Rostock.

I Re St John article. You took me severe
a mauvaise from the point of view of
style, & critical insight. I was sure that
I judged it — not as a miraculously
factful statement of a point of view about
which I can know nothing. I still
maintain that I'm right in what I said
from the only view point accessible to me.

2 L. goes every afternoon at 5; when he is
free from the work, to Alexandra. Then
he sees no chance of disturbing him
verbally with you. But should you
wish him to ask any questions, he

NYPL

Rota 2. V. 43

would willingly do so. Which leaves no
longer any doubt but that he's on the
right track with L. He can hold a
cup in one hand — but more than he's done
this 6 yrs. old. Alexander says
he is certain we can: but wants him to
cram in daily visits of practice.
Yes; I'm sorry about William —
meeting was on the deck of the Dreadnought in
1910, I think: but I was a head. And I'm
afraid he took it to heart a good deal —
so I'm heard.
Denny out; & mast wash. So hot — so hot —
Don't think I'm a, ever a word too much —
why, how can one enter into a mind in ten?
And we used to call William The Admiral
when he was a Midshipman, made
us a boat with a paddle
that worked V.

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

22 July 1937

Thursday

Dear Julian has been killed in Spain.

Perhaps you saw this: I am working as much as possible, & we shall try to get him down to Charleston on Sunday if we can.

Very terrible: you'll understand.

V.

Monks Moore - 5th Aug/57

Now we only got down here last week end. Nina was two days up to come before. I was wanted to drive her. And as you may suppose — damn the hair in the pen — I cant collect my wits to write a letter — cant get things into the right focus. So dont expect sympathy or understanding. I expect this root of things is dearly had for this Charadin; I'm feeling wooden yet savage. Most afternoons I go over to Charleston, one way or another,

which takes most of the time, after the money I mean, when I try to work. Next week I expect here with Lizzie Painting: at the moment, someone coming is a distraction — all one can do.

Is it hot at Worthing? Are you at Worthing? I seem to have dropped out — can't remember where anyone is at the moment. And that reminds me — an intelligent girl, writing a life of the Prince Imperial persuades me to meet you. I sent her yours most civil answer — But E. shant tell her either to want to see you or to ask to see you unless you say she may. Lord knows why you showed. Is the M.B. retired? When will she come out? And what time does he take?

Love V.

NYPL
Rota 2. V. 63

29th Aug -37 Mtt.

It was very good of you to do an writing, & I much appreciate your letter, seeing how little encouragement you get. But this last is I'm not in a little writing mood this summer; & also practically speaking. don't get much time. One way & another, I've a good deal on my hand: not I admit that that's real excuse. However, as one of your old Cadis used to say, do by it.

God that you should be going the Roman trail: that an old dream of ours. We have it always upon views. do tell me, is it all wet & sulphur! Can one walk a short day along a rampart, surveying the border, the romantic borders, with the chapping [crossing] the wild white moths? I'm amazed at your jumpings of Elizabeth. what a Censor of your mind you are! what

an amorana you possess. but the solid legacy
of the ancestral Colonels? God & the Empire?
Why attach such value to positive work?
Never Hugh Walpole, delivered of another 20,000
word book. Do you therefore admire? Is there
not a merit in contemplation? As for Vita, she's
been busy with ankle by a warp — almost
died but quite recovered. Asks us to go over, a
real come here. No, I've heard nothing of
Nigel in his Island, but Ben dined one night:
very like Vita in the chrysalis stage, as
handsome, as indolent, as muffled. But this
was long ago. A good many people
haunt us; partly to take the load off
Nessa. Oh dear — how can one ever make her
happy again? It's a perpetual wound, one
can't stop it. Then you. All lucky days, again.
Enough.. So MB will be out this autumn.
Heb. according to our agreement, I'm not to have a
Copy or to expect an opinion. Alexander has
certainly half-cured, would whole-cure L: if
he had time. So fondly
V.

Rota 2.4.63